

Good Morning 106

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Telegraphist JOHN HORLOCK

HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU:



Your Mother writes—

"DO you remember, John? The bowl of shrimps or the herrings we have had from the fishermen at Brightlingsea or Yarmouth; the Nestlé's milk for our tea, which somehow never lasted as long as it should have done; playing ball in the hold when the freight was delivered, or taking the dinghy and playing pirates; the days when you rowed with the junior fours in the regattas, or had tea in the 'Mayor's Parlour' at Pinn Mill?"

"They seem long ago, but here's to our next holiday altogether on the old barge 'Down the Hotel'."

"You are always in our thoughts. We have received your letters, and hope you have at least some of the many we have sent you. Everything is O.K. at home, and we hope it will not be long before we meet again."



YOU see Mrs. Norah Horlock about to give a drink to—evidently—a very thirsty little girl. There's a story to tell about the cup she is holding. It was won by John's grandfather, Mr. S. Horlock, who in 1903 sailed his father's barge "Sara" for the top-sail barge championship of the Thames. He completed the 60-mile course from Gravesend Reach to the Mouse and back in 5 hours 11 minutes 10 seconds, and this record has never been beaten. The sailing barge "Sara" is still carrying on with her barge work. John's great-grandfather, Mr. John Willsmer, served in Nelson's ship, "Victory," so the seafaring blood in the family goes back a long way.

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of "Good Morning" with your ideas.

Address Top of Page 4

Call Boy says: "It's high time you met ANN MILLER"



ONE of the Army's favourite pin-up girls, lovely Ann Miller's flying feet and breathless figure are currently to be seen in Columbia's rhythm-jammed "Reveille With Beverly," which features some of radio's most famed swingsters.

Based upon the popular early-morning "jam session" of the same name, "Reveille With Beverly" presents the delightful star as a breezy broadcaster who cheers the early-rising "yardbirds" of the Army camps.

Although her role is essentially a dramatic-comedy one, Miss Miller's dancing is not neglected.

Climax of the film is an Army camp "personal appearance show," which she M.C.s, and during which she does one of the whirlwind tap dances which first won her film fame.

A native of Texas, Ann was sickly as a child. When she was three she was given dancing lessons to improve her health. Singing lessons followed. Within ten years Ann was radio and stage famous in her immediate community.

Going to Hollywood with her mother, she won stage and night-club engagements, but the studios seemed to overlook her. After a year in the film capital, Ann reluctantly left Hollywood for a night-club engagement in San Francisco.

Strangely enough, it was this move that gave Miss Miller her chance in pictures. Benny Rubin, of radio and screen fame, saw her dancing, and persuaded R.K.O. to give her a screen test. She won a role in "New Faces of 1937" with ease, appeared with Ginger Rogers in "Stage Door," in "You Can't Take It With You," and in "Too Many Girls."

Recent Ann Miller pictures include "Go West, Young Lady," "Priorities on Parade," "Time Out For Rhythm," and now "Reveille With Beverly."

Seems appropriate that Ann Miller should be in Columbia's "Reveille With Beverly." We've never seen anyone capable of "showing a leg" more attractively. At close range, too, she's an eye-opener.



There's a Moral for all in this Inn Sign



Do you remember—

THE TEST MATCH DOUBLE "HAT TRICK"? asks the Old Tough

PEOPLE used often to say to me "You lucky fellow! All you have to do is to go to all the biggest sporting events, have a good time and write about 'em." Well, to a certain extent there is truth in this statement. You do see the biggest events and you mix with a lot of very good fellows, for, thank goodness, the majority of great sportsmen are friendly, modest, helpful gentlemen, always ready to help the sports journalist.

But that is not all. There are many anxieties; whether, for instance, you have missed some crucial point in your story, and, again, the time element, for the daily paper is "put to bed" to the minute. No, sir, the sports journalist works as hard as anyone in this world's vineyard.

Now, here is a case where, owing to nothing but fate, the whole of the Press of the British Isles, with an exception or two, received a severe body blow. It occurred at Manchester, at the Old Trafford ground, in 1912.

That was the year of the Triangular Tests, when England, Australia and South Africa all met each other in

three Tests, England winning the championship. The "catastrophe" occurred when Australia met South Africa in their first test match at Manchester.

Everything had gone smoothly from the Press Box point of view; the Australians, thanks to centuries by Nelles and Bardsley, had run up a total of 448; South Africa replied with 265, of which G. A. Faulkner obtained 122. During this first innings of the Africans, T. J. Matthews performed the "hat-trick."

Following on, the South African batting broke down, and it appeared that the Australians would win comfortably that evening. We all promised ourselves an easy evening, all our "stuff" would be on the wires in good time, and the majority settled down to that most serious bit of work, i.e., writing a really striking introduction to the details of the whole day's play. (Most of us had got well on with the job; some, indeed, had nearly finished, and had handed in their "copy" to the telegraphing clerks.

Then came the earthquake! T. J. Matthews, late in the evening, finished off the game with another "hat-trick"! Two "hat-tricks" by the same bowler in a Test match. Why! It was a world record!

Pandemonium was let loose while we wired to our offices to pay no heed to our first introductions and begging them to hold on to the last possible moment. All our beautifully worded phrases and all our previous theories had been thrown overboard. All previous Test matches had to be gone through to find other cases of "hat-tricks," to be included in the introductions written on this record occasion, and only a record short time left to do it all in if we were to catch our first edition.

I need not tell you that when all the "stuff" had been got off, buckets of refreshment failed to raise our jaded spirits, and it was not until next morning, when I opened my paper and found I had got every word in that I recovered from a bad attack of jitters.

'Tisn't all beer and skittles.

ON the high ground near Coniston Lake—by some tarns where there's excellent skating—stands a charming pub, with this sign outside, it. And it has a history.

The story runs (we don't guarantee it) that half a dozen ducks belonging to the innkeeper's wife got into the cellar, where a beer barrel was dripping, and then disgraced themselves.

So much so that when the innkeeper arrived he found six dead ducks there, and plucked them for supper.

When the poor birds came to in the afternoon with a hang-over they found themselves naked, and the innkeeper got a bad fright when he came to fetch them for dinner. But his wife came to the rescue.

She knitted a little jacket for each of them—and they walked about in winter woollies till their feathers grew again.

The moral? Don't get drunk, or you'll probably get plucked!

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—68

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after PERTOI, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of HOLLO PATER to make a north country town.
- 3.—Change NEAT into TIDY, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: MEAT into BONE, TOWN into CITY, COW into PIG.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word PARALLELOGRAM.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 67

- 1.—INGRATIATING.
 - 2.—PETERBOROUGH.
 - 3.—CLOUD, CLOUT, FLOUT, FLOAT, GLOAT, GROAT, GROAN, GROWN, GROWS, CROWS, CROPS, CHOPS, SHOPS, SHIPS, SHINS, SHINE, MICE, MACE, RACE, RATE, RATS.
 - 4.—Grit, Grid, Grin, Nude, Rude, Dune, Dane, Tide, Tare, Rate, Tear, Rite, Tire, Rage, Date, Dare, Read, Ride, Dire, Ring, Rang, Rung, Dung, etc.
- Grate, Great, Trade, Targe, Grain, Grade, Drain, Train, Trait, Trend, Grand, etc.

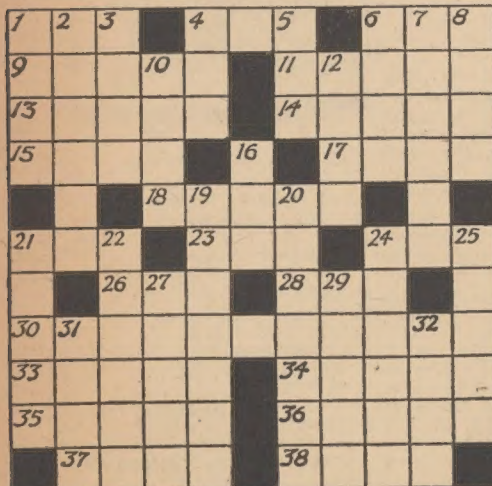
ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in BEVERIDGE, not in REPORT,
My second's in PASTIME and not in SPORT,
My third is in CAPITAL, not in LABOUR,
My fourth's not in FOREIGNER but in NEIGHBOUR,
My fifth is in BLACK-OUT, so not in DAYTIME,
My sixth is in WINTER and not in MAYTIME,
My seventh's in POINTS, COUPONS and RATIONS,
My eighth is in STYLE, but not in FASHIONS.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.
Milton (Paradise Regained).

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Young animal.
- 2 Excursion.
- 3 Girl's name.
- 4 Permit.
- 5 Fish.
- 6 Person.
- 7 Much adorned.
- 8 Fondles.
- 10 Semi-solid lump.
- 12 Conflict.
- 16 Distorted.
- 19 Painters.
- 20 Chance of accepting.
- 21 Adjudge.
- 22 Page size.
- 24 Border of tassels.
- 25 Gloomy.
- 27 Sharp missile.
- 29 Make amends.
- 31 Work hard.
- 32 Enters into rivalry.

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Opponent.
- 4 Youngster.
- 6 Soak.
- 9 Weight.
- 11 In front of.
- 13 Slanting.
- 14 Chief stress.
- 15 Bathing place.
- 17 Unfortunately.
- 18 Linger.
- 21 Past.
- 23 Sussex town.
- 24 Nourished.
- 26 Spiteful one.
- 28 Much.
- 30 Expressing a characteristic.
- 33 Bellows.
- 34 Girl's name.
- 35 Dislodged turf.
- 36 Wrath.
- 37 Moose.
- 38 Wine sediment.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

FAN LOZENGE
OLIVER PAR
PINED RIVAL
COT RECADE
BENCHES SEA
O HUMID V
OAF LINEAGE
SPOILT PER
TARNIS BOGUS
CUT RETINA
REMOVED STY

Fisherman Baron Munchausen Catches HALF-A-MILE OF WHALE

ONE winter's day I was travelling by coach, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travellers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might, but his endeavours were in vain, he could not make the horn sound. This was unaccountable, and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way. There was no proceeding. However, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head.

Fair Had the Jumps, He Had

I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage. I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head, and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage.

I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion, by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind-legs, by putting them into my coat pocket.

After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves. He hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire. I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a "Tereng! tereng! teng! teng!" We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn. His tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver, so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn.

A Whale of a Yarn

I embarked at Portsmouth in a first-rate English man-of-war for North America. Nothing worth relating happened till we arrived within three hundred leagues of the river St. Laurence, when the ship struck with amazing force against (as we supposed) a rock; however, upon heaving the lead, we could find no bottom, even at three hundred fathom.

What made this circumstance the more wonderful, and indeed beyond all comprehension, was, that the violence of the shock was such that we lost our rudder, broke our bowsprit in the middle, and split all our masts from top to bottom, two of which went by the board. A poor fellow, who was aloft, furling the main-sheet, was flung at least three leagues from the



ship, but he fortunately saved his life, by laying hold of the tail of a large sea-gull, who brought him back, and lodged him on the very spot from which he was thrown.

Another proof of the violence of the shock was the force with which the people between decks were driven against the floors above them; my head particularly was pressed into my stomach, where it continued some months before it recovered its natural situation.

Whilst we were all in a state of astonishment at the general and unaccountable confusion in which we were involved, the whole was suddenly explained, by the appearance of a large whale, who had been basking asleep, within sixteen feet of the surface of the water.

This animal was so much displeased with the disturbance which our ship had given him, for in our passage we had with

our rudder scratched his nose, that he beat in all the gallery and part of the quarter-deck with his tail, and almost at the same instant took the main-sheet anchor, which was suspended, as it usually is, from the head, between his teeth, and ran away with the ship, at least sixty leagues, at the rate of twelve leagues an hour, when fortunately the cable broke, and we lost both the whale and the anchor.

Same Again Please

Upon our return to Europe some months after, we found the same whale within a few leagues of the same spot, floating dead upon the water. It measured above half a mile in length. As we could take but a small quantity of such a monstrous animal on board, we got our boats out, and with much difficulty cut off his head, where, to our great joy, we found the anchor, and above forty fathom of cable concealed

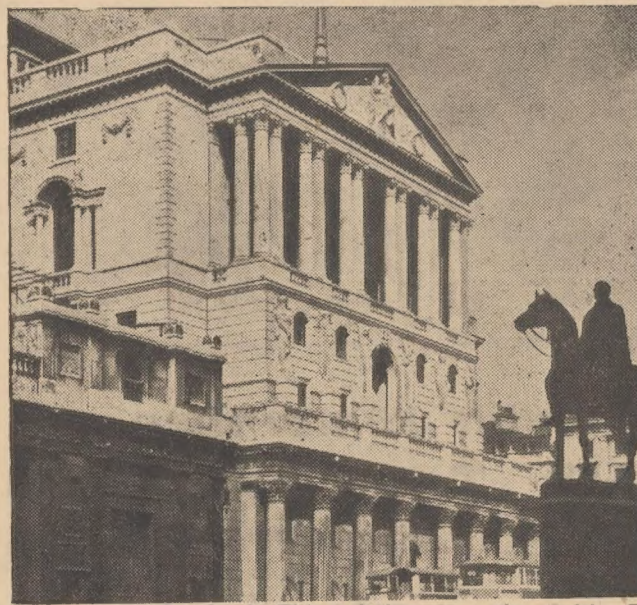
on the left side of his mouth, just under his tongue.

This was the only extraordinary circumstance that happened on this voyage. One part of our distress, however, I had like to have forgot. While the whale was running away with the ship, she sprung a leak, and the water poured in so fast, that all our pumps could not keep us from sinking. It was my good fortune to discover it first.

I found it a large hole about a foot diameter. You will naturally suppose this circumstance gives me infinite pleasure when I inform you that this noble vessel was preserved, with all its crew, by a most fortunate thought! In short, I sat down over it, and could have dispensed with it had it been larger; nor will you be surprised when I inform you I am descended from Dutch parents.

My situation, while I sat there, was rather cool, but the carpenter's art soon relieved me.

TODAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Do you know London? This building is — the Baltic Exchange, the Port of London Authority, Apsley House, the Bank of England, or the British Museum?

JANE

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 105 — Silver Birch.

The Vanishing Trick

I was once in great danger of being lost in a most singular manner in the Mediterranean. I was bathing in that pleasant sea near Marseilles, one summer's afternoon, when I discovered a very large fish, with his jaws quite extended, approaching me with the greatest velocity. There was no time to be lost, nor could I possibly avoid him.

I immediately reduced myself to as small a size as possible, by closing my feet and placing my hands also near my sides, in which position I passed directly between his jaws, and into his stomach, where I remained some time in total darkness, and comfortably warm, as you may imagine. At last it occurred to me, that by giving him pain he would be glad to get rid of me.

As I had plenty of room, I played my pranks, such as tumbling, hop, step and jump, but nothing seemed to disturb him so much as the quick motion of my feet in attempting to dance a hornpipe. Soon after I began, he put me out, by sudden fits and starts. I persevered.

At last he roared horribly, and stood up almost perpendicular in the water, with his head and shoulders exposed,

Continued on Page 3.

QUIZ for today

1. What part of a horse is the gambrel?
2. Who wrote (a) "Two on a Tower," (b) "Twelve Stories and a Dream"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: England, France, Scotland, Australia, United States?
4. What is a quail?
5. Of which country is Acadia the old name?
6. What is the name of the Lord Mayor of London's official residence?
7. What is the difference between (a) cohesion and (b) adhesion?
8. What is cork?
9. What were the names of the Three Musketeers?
10. How many (a) square yards are there in an acre, (b) acres in a square mile?
11. When did Cabot land in America?
12. Is ammonia an acid or an alkali?

Answers to Quiz in No. 105

1. Buck, doe, fox, marten, roe.
2. (a) Warwick Deeping, (b) Dickens.
3. "Many hands make light work," and "The more the merrier."
4. 9 stone.
5. Heaps! (a) A measure of volume, (b) a narrow gold or silver braid used for binding uniforms.
6. Drums.
7. Of or pertaining to Ireland.
8. A variety of mint.
9. A policeman in "Much Ado About Nothing."
10. Longer; 39.37 inches.
11. From A.D. 54 to A.D. 68.
12. A Mormon.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together; for instance "Ducks and Drakes," etc.

- (a) MERRY WATER-CRABS.
- (b) HID A FEW BUNS.

(Answers on Page 3)

MIXED PLANES

H	E	R	P	A	E	N
D	A	F	W	K	R	K
W	E	I	I	D	E	R
H	E	M	V	L	E	L
H	A	I	N	I	N	D
D	H	R	T	I	E	T
L	O	R	N	A	C	Y

Here are some well-known Allied and Axis planes. The letters are in the right column, but not on the right line. How many can you find?

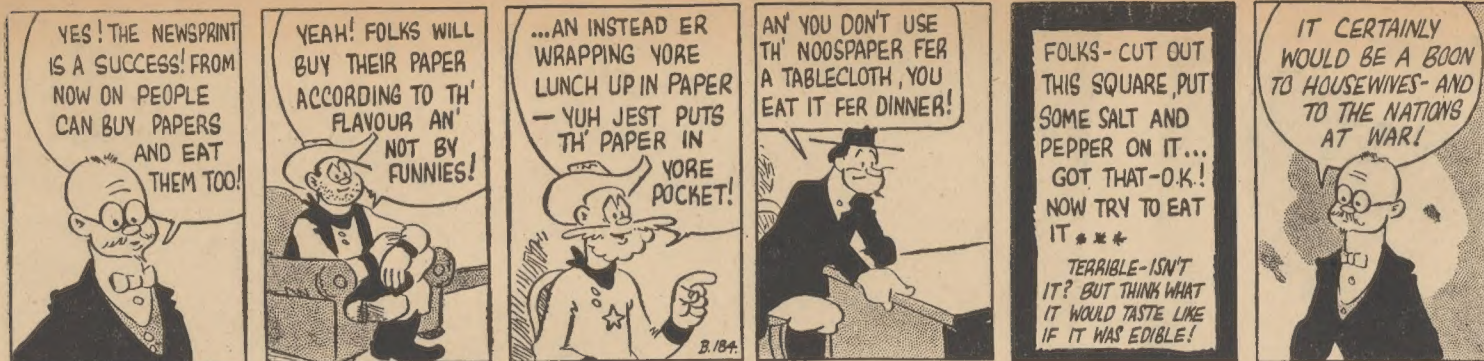
(Solution in No. 107.)



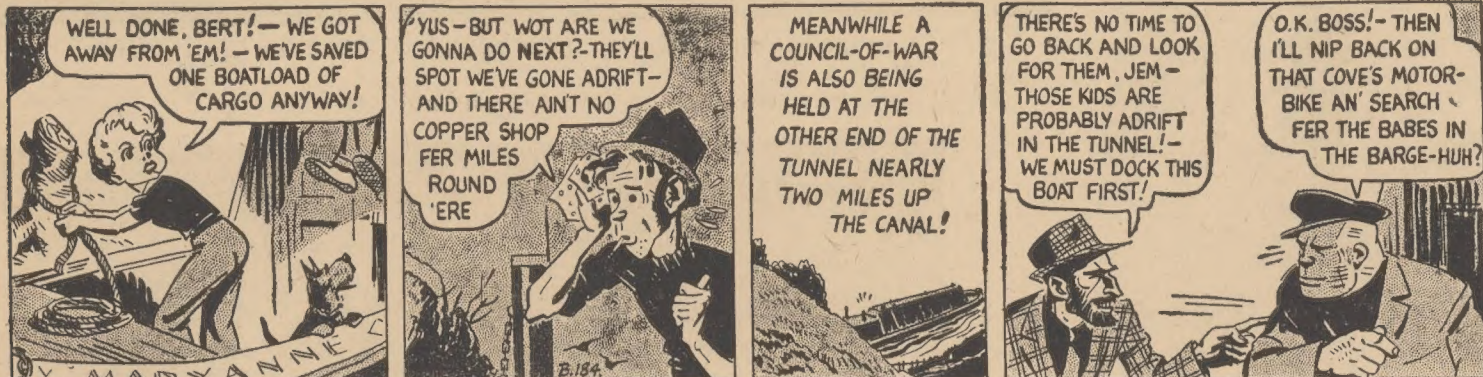
I MEANT TO ASK YOU IF PETER—THE PAGE WHO LED ME TO DEMOCRATES' CHALET—HAS PRESENTED HIMSELF TO YOU YET?

OH WELL, I HAVE ALREADY REWARDED HIM, MY DEAR!—BUT—I STILL AWAIT MY REWARD!

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



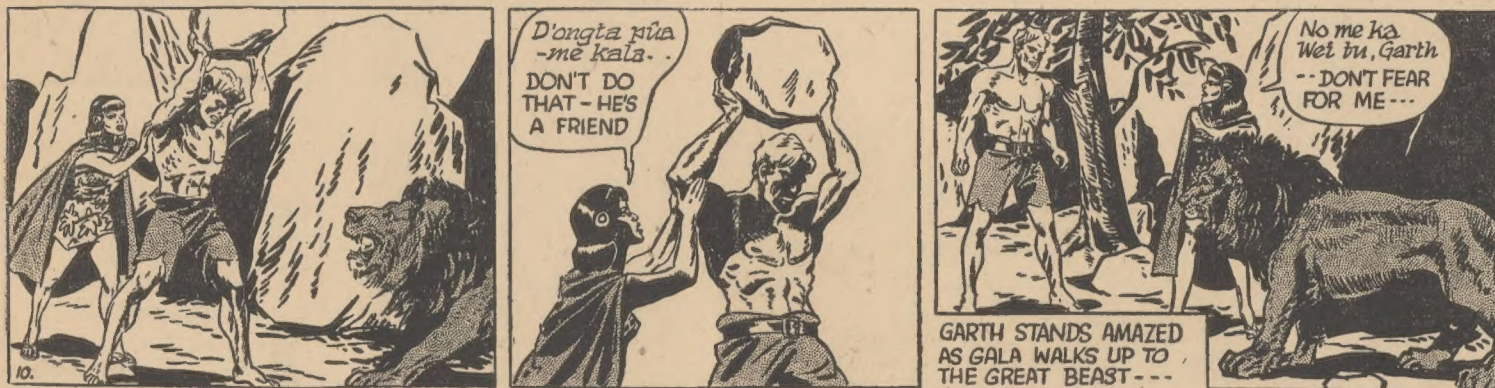
Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Continued from Page 2.

by which he was discovered by the people on board an Italian trader, then sailing by, who harpooned him in a few minutes.

As soon as he was brought on board, I heard the crew consulting how they should cut him up, so as to preserve the greatest quantity of oil. As I understood Italian, I was in most dreadful apprehensions lest their weapons employed in this

business should destroy me also.

Can You Stomach This

Therefore I stood as near the centre as possible, for there was room enough for a dozen men in this creature's stomach, and I naturally imagined they would begin with the extremities. However, my fears were soon dispersed, for they began by opening the bottom of the belly.

As soon as I perceived a glimmering of light, I called out lustily to be released from a situation in which I was now almost suffocated. It is impossible for me to do justice to the degree and kind of astonishment which sat upon every countenance at hearing a human voice issue from a fish, but more so, at seeing a naked man walk upright out of his body. I told them the whole story, whilst amazement struck them dumb.

After taking some refreshment, and jumping into the sea

to cleanse myself, I swam to my clothes, which lay where I had left them on the shore. As near as I can calculate, I was near four hours and a half confined in the stomach of this animal.

Solution to Allied Ports.
BATHURST.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) STRAWBERRY & CREAM.
(b) HUSBAND & WIFE.

Do you want any more close shaves?

THE war has brought a scarcity in razor blades, and men now discuss whether this or that way of treating blades increases their "life."

In fact, the working life of even the best safety razor blade is very short—about one minute. This, according to a scientist who has specialised in examining razor blades, is the maximum time a blade spends in contact with hairs before it is completely blunted.

But in that minute the blade performs some amazing work. The minute may represent between six or over a dozen shaves, according to the toughness of the beard. During each shave, the blade makes up to 25,000 separate cuts through hairs!

The modern safety razor blade is a miracle of mass-production. The edge is about 1-80,000th of an inch thick. Yet under a powerful microscope even the best blade seems to have an edge like a saw.

A magnification of 600 times shows it as a fairly even edge. After use several times, or after abuse just once, the edge gets a number of irregular indentations.

It is still "sharp" in places. Unfortunately, it is the places which are not sharp which seem to meet the hairs, and either fail to cut them or by pulling produce that painful after-shave effect.

What blunts a razor blade? Steel is made up of minute crystals. Friction displaces some of these crystals and produces the irregularities. Of course, friction with hard particles produces the irregularities very much more quickly. That is why a careful washing of the face is advised to remove dust or grit before applying lather; and careful wiping of the blade after the shave.

DAMP AND RUST.

Damp is the other great enemy of steel. Rust particles, too small to be seen with the naked eye, are probably responsible for more blunt blades than tough beards.

Rusting can be prevented, or at least postponed, by wiping on a dry towel and leaving the blade out of the razor. A light application of grease is a help, but in drying or handling a razor blade for any purpose, contact with the edge must be avoided at all costs.

Good steel is a "live" thing. Scientists say a good blade can be spoiled by the shock of being dropped, and certainly it can "catch cold." They advise dipping the razor in warm water before starting.

There is a popular belief that if a razor is kept pointing to the magnetic North it will be sharper. The theory is, apparently, that the magnetic pole turns all the particles facing one way! No scientist will support this view.

Engineers know that steel under stress may suffer from "fatigue." A razor blade is all the better for a rest. We do not fully understand fatigue in metals, or why it may be restored by a rest, but our grandfathers were on the right lines, even if they did not know the explanation, when they had seven razors for use in rotation, one on each day of the week.

One interesting fact that emerges from investigations is that too much lathering can be as bad as too little lathering. Two minutes seems to be the ideal.

A Florida scientist, who made a hobby of studying his own beard under the microscope, measured its growth every day for more than a year. He found that it grew about one-tenth of a millimetre less in a day during cold weather.

The average was 0.5 mm. in summer and 0.305 mm. in winter. He therefore argued that half-a-dozen fewer strokes with the brush in winter were justified!

No record number of shaves with a single razor blade is established. Sir Ian Hamilton mentioned some time ago that he had used two "cut-throat" razors for 64 years, and that they had probably been used for thirty years before that—a record that would take some beating.

ODD CORNER

IN September, 1936, a Light Sussex hen in Cape Province laid an egg measuring 9 inches long and 7½ inches in circumference! It weighed 5 ounces, and inside was found another complete egg, with a hard shell and weighing 2 ounces. Inside this was found the yolk and white of yet a third egg.

In July, 1937, a swan flying over Rickmansworth saw the painted sign of the Swan Inn, and mistook it for a rival bird. It attacked the wooden board fiercely, dashing itself against the picture till it fell exhausted and died. Birds and animals, as a rule, cannot appreciate the meaning of pictures, and this is probably a unique case.

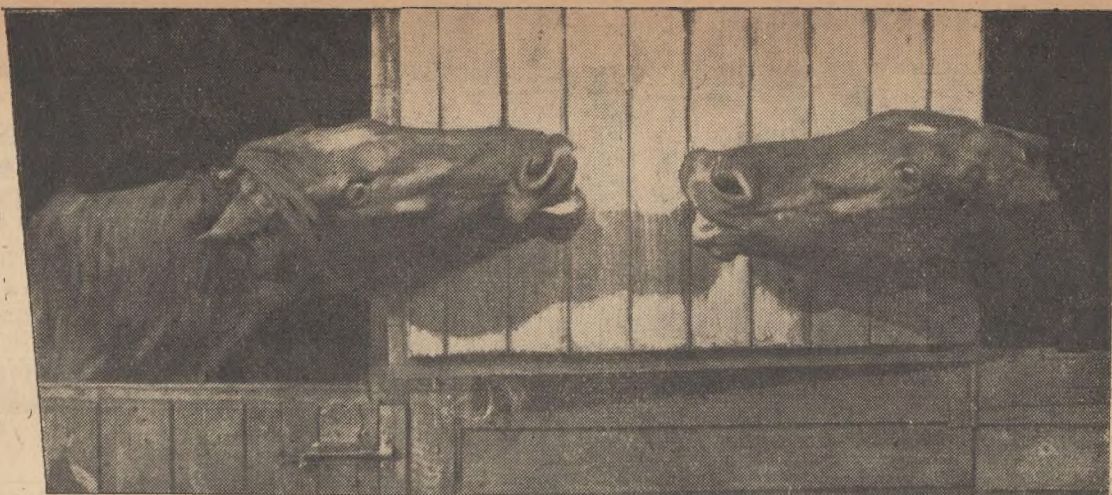
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

EYE, EYE, SIR



Ann Sothorn, star of Warner Bros., looks as though she has the right slant of life in "Brother Orchid."



"You let me down badly. Said you'd set the pace for a mile."
 "Well, I did, didn't I?"
 "Sure, but how was I to know it was the last mile."



This England



A corner of the village of Milton Abbas, Dorset. Looks very much as though someone is being welcomed home from school by Grandpa.



THE BEAK

WONDER- LAND

Coo, isn't it beautiful? Wish I had it. I'd sell lots and lots of lovely things in that shop, I would.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Blimey, that gives me the bird all right."

